

a world, really --

a world, really, of Booths and Oswalds
and Kennedies and Lincolns
(there are so many Lincoln Boulevards
I get lost)

a world really
where the bottom is no better or no worse
than the top --
all aching
ripping the top off a peanutbutter
jar, watching the rain stain the flowers
in the wallpaper
watching it rain
watching the wrinkles form in the
hands the face

remembering the songs that meant the
years

feeling like crying but
instead
buying a dog and naming it
Hot Tits
or Hiroshima or
Teddy, gross stained flywing
caught in the resturant window of the
brain with the
tall bakers walking around with tall
hats -- really, a world, really:
197 degrees keeps the insects off
keeps it pure for the
tooth.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Days Like Tuesday

So many days
are like Tuesday
we have trouble
telling the difference

especially if
for an extra special reason
we need an extra special day
to specialize

Across the Street

Across the street
the house with the
mansard roof
stares frog-eyed,
disapproving,
on my stumbling home
at dawn.

-- Charles Shaw